

THE LITERARY CASKET:

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

VOL. 4.

HARTFORD, (CON.) SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1826.

NO. 5

REFLECTOR.

LOVE TO OUR NEIGHBOURS.

It ought to be observed, that we are not required to love our neighbour *more* than ourselves—some degree of self-love is necessary and justifiable. The love, therefore, which we are called to exercise, is not to be in such a sense disinterested as to require us to abandon all considerations of our own happiness. We are committed, if I may so speak, in charge to ourselves—we are made the *guardians of our own happiness*. Our actions will more affect ourselves than they possibly can all other beings of the human race; and the general good of all is most effectually promoted by each individual paying a just, but, remember, not an *exclusive* regard, to himself.

The nature of selfishness may be sometimes misunderstood. It does not consist in having a proper regard to ourselves; but in having no regard to any one but ourselves. We may therefore, most clearly exhort men at the same time to a prudent concern for their own happiness, in perfect constancy with our exhortations that they should have a sincere and affectionate regard for the happiness of others.

The benevolent man is one who delights in the contemplation of happiness, and feels it his duty to produce the highest possible degree of it among mankind—he escapes from all feelings of self-love. He considers himself a part of one great family—he takes as real an interest in the joys and sorrows, the interest and pursuits, the hopes and fears, of his neighbour, as in his own. It is the wish nearest his heart, to make himself and those around him, and as far as his influence extends, the whole human race, enlightened and happy.

The miser, never felt the cheering influence of friendship, his gold may command attentions, and even procure the outward show of respect—but he can never receive the homage of an unthought smile; or the warm tribute of a truly grateful heart. Wealth is too poor to purchase love—and power is not strong enough to enchain affection. The eye may fall abashed in the presence of grandeur—the lips may chant the praise of affluence; the knee may bend in homage before the splendour of authority—but the heart is above all bribe, and will give its affections to goodness alone. The *selfish man* is therefore shut out from all that gives grace and value to life, all that makes life a blessing—for what is extreme worth to him who has no man's confidence, no man's sympathy, no man's love.

We must learn to be kindly affectioned towards our fellow men, to be sincerely interested in their happiness, to forbear with them, to forgive their foibles, to forget their injuries, to bear their burdens of sorrow and infirmity. It is delightful to contemplate, and as far as in our power to increase the happiness of others.

EYES.—Dr Franklin observed, "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture."

MASONRY.

ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

From the writings of Rev. Dr. Joshua Bradley, formerly of Albany.

During the reign of Solomon, especially, as well as before and afterwards, a very intimate connection existed between the Jews and the Egyptians. Moses was born in Egypt and educated in Pharaoh's court, until he was forty years old, and was learned in the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words, and in deeds. Solomon married Pharaoh's daughter, and brought her into the city of David. This affinity with the king of Egypt, inclined many of his nobility to visit Jerusalem, and commercial arrangements were made, and carried on amicably between those nations. From this reciprocal connection, we are inclined to infer that Masonry was introduced among the Egyptians. Be this however, as it may, we are informed by several authentic historians, that Masonry did flourish in Egypt soon after this period. By this mysterious art existing in our principles, and smiled upon by the Father of lights, ancient Egypt subsisted, covered with glory, during a period of fifteen or sixteen ages. They extended our system of benevolence so far, that he who refused to relieve the wretched, when he had it in his power to assist him, was himself punished with death. They regarded justice so impartially, that the king obliged the judges to take an oath, that they would never do any thing against their own consciences, though they, the kings themselves, should command them. They would not confer upon a bad prince the honours of a funeral. They held a session upon every noted Egyptian who died, for the direct purpose of inquiring, how he had spent his life, so that all the respect due to his memory might be paid. They entertain such just ideas of the vanity of life, as to consider their houses as inns, in which they lodge as it were only for a night. They were so laborious, that even their amusements were adapted to strengthen the body and improve the mind: They prohibited the borrowing of money, except on condition of pledging a deposit so important, that a man who deferred the redemption of it, was looked upon with horror.

It is well known, that the Egyptian priests have uniformly been considered by ancient historians, as possessing many valuable secrets, and as being the greatest proficient in the arts and sciences of their times.—Whether they actually possessed the Masonic secrets, or not, we cannot absolutely determine: but we have strong circumstantial reasons to believe they did. It was here that Pythagoras was initiated into their mysteries, and instructed in their art. It was here, that sculpture and architecture, and all the sciences of the times were so greatly perfected. And here it has been thought by some of the most curious observers of antiquity, that Masonry has been held in high estimation.

Several Egyptian obelisks still remain, some of which were in the reign of Augustus, conveyed to Rome. On these obelisks are curiously engraved many hieroglyphical and Masonic emblems.

Egypt, by ancient philosophers, was considered as the seat of science. Hence we find, that Homer, Lycurgus, Solon, Pythagoras, Plato, Thales, and many others of the ancient poets, statesmen and philosophers, frequently visited Egypt, where many of them were, by the Egyptian priests, initiated into their mysteries. Cecrops, an Egyptian, was the original founder of Athens. Hence, a correspondence would necessarily continue for a considerable time, between those countries. And if this correspondence did not afford a suitable medium for the transfer of those mysteries, yet those philosophers, who were in the habit of visiting Egypt, would, of course, carry back to their native country whatever they deemed valuable for their own citizens.

Many incidental circumstances, however, occur in the history of the Grecian States, which strongly favour the idea of the existence of Masonry among that people. From the many which might be mentioned, two only can be admitted into this work. At the time when the plague proved so mortal in the city of Athens, Hippocrates, a native of the island of Cos, being eminent as a physician, was invited to Athens. He immediately obeyed, and proved abundantly serviceable in that pestilential disorder. Such was the gratitude of the Athenians, that it was decreed he should be initiated into the most exalted mysteries of their nation. In turning over the historic page of Persia, every Mason will behold many of his principles cordially received and cherished, by the first characters who shed a lustre through every department of government in those distant realms. It was here that the children of the royal family were, at fourteen years of age, put under the tuition of four of the wisest and most virtuous statesmen. The first taught them the worship of the gods; the second trained them up to speak truth and practice equity; the third habituated them to subdue voluptuousness, to enjoy real liberty, to be always princes, and always masters of themselves and their own passions; the fourth inspired them with courage, and by teaching them how to command themselves, taught them how to maintain dominion over others. It was here, that falsehood was considered by every class of people, in the most horrid light, as a vice the meanest and most disgraceful. It was here that they showed a noble generosity, conferring favours on the nations they conquered, and leaving them to enjoy all the ensigns of their former grandeur.

HOME—however mean—my birth place, seat of my fathers—the old fire side—it matters not where—if on Africa's burning sands, Arab deserts, in the Caffree's hut, or the Indian cabin. That place is home where I drew my infant breath—where lie the bones of my fathers—where my mother chid, and where, for youthful tricks, my father chastised me—that place is home—I will not forget it. In climes distant, if oceans roll between—if the thundering cannon roars, and death points his dart at me, I think of it. If I forget it, let my friends forget me.

FRIENDSHIP—The noblest part of a friend, said old Feltham, is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors. He that tells me of a fault, aiming at my good, I must think him wise and faithful—wise in spying that which I see not: faithful in a plain admonishment, not tainted with flattery.

The character of an author is generally more or less displayed in his writings. It is natural in a man to recommend those features of character, and principles of conduct, which he himself approves; to seek to paint them in their noblest forms, and in the liveliest colours; and thus endeavour to gain his reader's admiration of that which has already gained his own. We can, accordingly, generally pronounce with considerable accuracy upon the principles and character of a writer from the perusal of his works.

There is no end of books. Our libraries are furnished for sight and ostentation, rather than use; the very indexes are not to be read over in an age: and in this multitude how great a part of them are either dangerous, or not worth the reading! A few books well chosen, and well made use of, will be more profitable, than a confused Alexandrian or Calcedonian library.

SCIENTIFIC.

TENACITY OF IRON AS APPLICABLE TO CHAIN BRIDGES. The following results have been deduced from experiments made in Russia, and detailed by M. Lamb, in a letter from Petersburg, *Ann des minar*, x 311. In the apparatus contrived for the purpose the power was applied by a hydraulic press.

The best iron tried, supported 26 tons per square inch, without being torn asunder. The bars began to lengthen sensibly when two thirds of this power had been applied, and the elongation appeared to increase in a geometrical ratio with arithmetical increments of power. The worst iron tried gave way under a tension of 14 tons to the square inch of section, and did not lengthen sensibly before rupture. By forging four bars of iron of medium quality together, an iron was obtained which did not begin to lengthen until 18 tons had been applied, and supported a weight of 14 tons without breaking.

Taking these results as sufficient data, it was decided by the committee appointed for the purpose, that the thickness of chains in a suspension bridge should be calculated so that the maximum weight to be borne should not exceed 8 tons per square inch of sectional surface, and that, before being used, they should be subjected to a tension of 16 tons per square inch, and bear it without any sensible elongation.

STEAM BOATS.—A Steam-Boat calculated particularly for shoal water and for an express boat, has been patented to Mr. B. Phillips of N. York. Her form is nearly similar to common steam-boats, with a white cedar framed bottom, and internal copper fastening, so constructed as to be of only half the weight of a boat built on the usual plan, and calculated to draw not more than ten inches water, which will give her very little resistance, and consequently be susceptible of being propelled by the same engine that propels any other boat of the same size, with an increase of her velocity; and her lightness of body gives her vast advantage in navigating shoal waters. It is thought such a boat might be propelled at the rate of 15 to 19 miles a hour, and carry twenty passengers.

FIRE-PROOF WOOD.—A composition has been discovered by Dr. Fuchs, member of the Academy of Science at Munich, whereby wood is rendered incombustible.—The composition is made of granulated earth, which has been previously well washed in a solution of caustic alkali, and cleared from every heterogeneous matter; this mixture, which is not decomposed by either fire or water, being spread on the wood, forms a kind of vitreous coat, which is also proof against each of these opposing elements. The building committee of the royal theatre, in that city, has made two public experiments on small buildings, six or eight feet long, and of a proportionate height; one covered with the composition, the other left as usual; the fire was kindled in each, equally. That not covered with the composition was quickly consumed, the other remained perfect and entire. The cost of this process is trifling, being only about 20d. per one hundred square feet. The theatre has been submitted to the process, containing nearly four hundred thousand square feet. The late Earl Stanhope made some very successful experiments of the kind: he coated a building with a mixture of sand and glue, which proved completely fire proof.

ON THE HONING AND STROPPING OF A RAZOR.

Let the hone be seldom and but sparingly resorted to; and never, unless by frequent and repeated stropping, the edge of the razor is entirely destroyed: use the best pale oil, and be careful to preserve the hone clean and free from dust. Previously to the operation of shaving, it will be found of service, particularly to those who have a strong beard, and a tender skin, to wash the face well with soap and water; and the more time is spent in lathering and moistening the beard, the easier will the process of shaving become. Dip the razor in hot water before applying it to the face; use the blade nearly flat, always taking care to give it a cutting instead of a scraping direction. Strop the razor immediately after using it for the purpose of effectually removing any moisture that may remain upon the edge; and be careful not to employ a common strop, as the composition with which they are covered, is invariably of a very inferior quality, and injurious to a razor.—The strop should always be of the best manufacture, and when the composition is worn off, it will be found particularly useful to rub it over lightly with a little clean tallow, and then put upon it the top part of the snuff of a candle, which being a fine powder, will admirably supply the place of the best composition ever used for the purpose. Another excellent mode of renovating a razor strop, is by rubbing it well with pewter, and impregnating the leather with the finest metallic particles.

In closing these observations, I cannot omit to protest against the elastic cushion strop, which, from easily yielding to the pressure of the razor, removes the fine, keen, flat edge produced by the hone, and substitutes an injurious roundness in its place. A flat strop, not too much bristled with leather, is best adapted to continue the form which the edge receives in honing; to admit of any other, is to subvert in practice the principles on which a good cutting-edge is formed.

BIOGRAPHY.

REV. JARED ELLIOT, was the son of the Rev. Joseph Elliot, of Guilford, Conn. and grandson of the Rev. Joseph Elliot, of Roxbury, Mass., the celebrated Indian apostle. He was born Nov. 7 1685, and died April 22, 1763. He was one of the earliest students of Yale College, and received his bachelor's degree in 1706.—From 1730 to 1762 he was one of the Corporation of that Institution; and from 1709 to his death was the minister to the first ecclesiastical society of Killingworth, Conn. Dr. Elliot was unquestionably the first physician of his day in Connecticut, and in a sense, may be considered as the father of medicine in that State. He was the first botanist of his time, and was equally distinguished as a scientific and practical agriculturist. He introduced the white mulberry into Connecticut, and with its silk worm, and published a treatise upon the subject. He was also a mineralogist, and in 1761 received from a society in London a gold medal, as a premium for his discovery of a process of extracting iron from black sand. He was the personal friend and correspondent of Bishop Berkeley and Dr. Franklin, and of several other philosophical characters both in Europe and America. He was however, in his life time, more known by the public as a physician, and was very eminent for his judgement and skill in the management of chronic complaints. In these, he appears to have been more extensively consulted, than any other physician in New England, frequently visiting every county of Connecticut, and being often called to Boston and Newport. He was a good linguist, and from the libraries left by him and his contemporaries, it is evident, that he was in the habit of reading and studying Hippocrates, Celsus, Galen, Aretæus, &c. in the originals. Some very humorous anecdotes are still related, which serve to show, that he managed melancholics and maniacs with great ingenuity and success.

All of Dr. Elliot's science and philosophy were of the practical kind, and adapted to the improvement of his infant country. He published "*Agricultural Essays*," and devised various plans for draining swamps in the interior, and also for reclaiming marshes from the sea. He was one of the most industrious and methodical men, and was peculiarly careful, that whatever he undertook, should be executed well. It is difficult to conceive how one could be successful in such a variety of pursuits, as those in which he was engaged: for, he seldom if ever failed in any important undertaking. He possessed a very large estate in land, which consisted of farms in different sections of the state, or rather colony. These were generally better cultivated, and furnished more profits, than those of his neighbours. Amidst all his avocations, he was distinguished for his piety and talents as a clergyman. He published several sermons, and so conscientious was he in the discharge of his duties as a minister, that he always so contrived his journeys, as to be, if possible, with his people every Sunday, and for forty successive years in the course of his ministry, he did not miss preaching either at home or abroad, every Lord's day. Dr. Elliot resided on the main road from New-York to Boston, and was always visited by Dr. Franklin, when he was journeying to his native town, as well as most of the literary and religious characters of his day, who always met with a very affectionate reception in this hospitable mansion. He was distinguished for his charities, and many of his medical services were performed gratuitously. It is mentioned of him, that though an ardent friend of his country, and a great patron of improvements, and though as a clergyman, a philosopher, a physician, and a trustee of Yale College, his influence with the public was very great, and his opinions and advice much esteemed and sought after, yet he always avoided interfering, or taking an active part in any of the purely political struggles of his day.

Such men as ELLIOT are not only highly useful and honourable to the age they live in, but are a blessing to future generations. They give a spring to the human intellect, and excite a spirit of inquiry, experiment and observation, and thus diffuse a light among their contemporaries, which has an influence upon remote posterity.—*Boston Med. Intel.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PETTY-AUGER BONNET.

We remember once hearing a thin-faced, vinegar visaged, 60 year old sort of a bachelor exclaim, at finishing a tirade against the fairest part of the creation, that the outside of a lady's head exhausted all the furniture inside in devising bonnets, feathers, buttons, daisies and love locks for the promenade. We did not believe him and the appearance of Broadway convinces us that if the fair sex really set the invention at work, they would devise something tastier than the new petty-auger bonnet that has come into vogue the present month. The nodding leghorn is now completely banished from the promenade. Symptoms of this were appearing more than a year ago, and we may say that towards the close of last summer they were totally exiled from among us. From that time until the present month the head dress of the fair was in a state of great doubt and uncertainty.—Feathers were elevated one day and doused the next. The cottage bonnet appeared on a Monday but before Wednesday was cast aside with disdain. Veils were flung on and off—bachelors' buttons succeed daisies—and mo's roses ousted bachelors' buttons, until the fashionable milliners put their heads together, and made a huge importation of a dashing doll from the purlieus of the Palais Royale, who had on her head the present bonnet, which wise men

call the *petty auger* form. About a fortnight ago, one sunny day, a few of these *petty augers* made their appearance in conjunction with the *shoulder of mutton* sleeves, but yesterday they came out as thick as black berries in the month of August. How long the *petty auger* shape may last is very uncertain, but they appear to have made a prodigious spread in the course of the present month. Some are blue, others pink, a few brown, and some of them black. With round, full female faces they agree very well, but a fine forehead is sometimes hid if they are pulled too far forward. The pink and the sky blue are the prevailing colours, and a few roses are all that are stuck into the front.—*Snowden's Advocate*.

The conversation of artists, when it has reference to their profession is usually patched with phrases peculiar to themselves, and which may not improperly be called their slang of art. This jargon, when heard by persons unacquainted with its application, is apt to lead to awkward mistakes. A laughable instance of the kind occurred lately. A party of artists were travelling in a stage coach, in which beside themselves, a sedate venerable lady was the only passenger. The conversation of the artists ran on something as follows:—“How *playful* those clouds are! that group to the left is sweetly composed, though perhaps a little too *solid* and *rocky* for the others. I have seen nothing of —s lately. I think he is clever. He *makes* all his flesh too *chalky*. You must allow, however, that he is very successful with the ladies.” The old lady began to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness, and at the close of each observation, cast an anxious and inquiring look at the speaker. Her companions, however unconscious of the alarm they were exciting (for she entertained doubts as to their sanctity,) went on in the same style. She heard them, to her increasing dismay, talk of a farm house coming out from the neighbouring trees, and of a gentleman's grounds *wanting repose*. At length they approached an old village church. A great many observations were made about the *keeping*, &c. of the scene, which the old lady bore with tolerable magnanimity; but at last one of the party exclaimed, in a kind of enthusiasm, “See how well the woman in the red cloak *carries off the tower*.” This was too much. The lady screamed to the coachman to stop, paid him his fare, although advanced only half way on her journey, and expressed her thankfulness for having escaped alive from such madmen.

ADAM'S FALL.—The late Rev. Dr. Johnson of North Leith lived much in the esteem of his congregation, and was particular regarded by that portion of it consisting of the families of Newhaven fishermen. Dr. Johnson was strict as a catechist; and on one of these occasions asked a fish-wife, yelped Janet Flucker, “Janet, can you tell me how Adam fell?” Jenny fell a laughing, and answered, “Oh! my bonnie dear Doctor, you're no serious?” “Very serious indeed,” replied the Doctor. Janet, whose husband's name happened to be Adam, then said, “Well, well, since you will ha'it, Doctor, you see, Adam just gaed o'er the gate the tither night to Lucky Liston's for half-a-mutchkin o' whisky; when an oar lying on the road took his foot; o'er Adam fell, and bark his leg, and that's the baill truth o' the matter.”—*Edinburgh Times*.

From the Philadelphia Democratic Press.

THE LATE QUEEN'S JEWELS.

As some of our readers may be pleased to see how richly some members of the sex are attired in the old world, we present them with a copy of the bill of a London Jeweller, for a single purchase of the present King, when Prince of Wales, for the use of his bride, the late unhappy Queen.

1794. His royal highness the Prince of Wales,	
November. Bought of Nathaniel Jeffries.	
A pair of superb brilliant ear rings	£8000
A necklace and full with five large drops	15,000
A coronet in brilliants	2,200
A wreath of oak for a bandeau	1,100
Coronet, with rose, thistle and feathers	8,000
A pair of pearl bracelets with brilliant locks	15,000
A large locket circle of brilliants	500
A superb brilliant stomacher	8,000
A setting for a picture, with very large coronet and ornaments	4,500

A large pearl necklace and full, and four large pearl drops	1,300
A rouge box with brilliants and cypher, and coronet	400
A pair of bracelets, bought by your royal highness' desire of Desymons	735
A rich and brilliant watch and chain, &c.	2,950
An enamelled opera glass, with circles of large brilliants	560
	£54,685

Equal to \$242,320.

Note.—The above sum was reduced by a verdict of the jury empanelled to assess the value, to 50,997l 10s [equal to \$222,654] which sum was paid for them.

Burning of Hindoo Widows.—The late Calcutta papers contain accounts of numerous Sutees or Sacrifices where widows burn themselves with the bodies of their deceased husbands. A dreadful instance occurred at Cuttack. The widow of a Brahmin, aged about 34, burned herself, in spite of argument and entreaty, as well as the offer of a pension of four rupees for life. Another took place at Poree. The victim was also a Brahmin's widow, about the same age; and her son, aged 16, set fire to the pile. Arguments and offers of money were in this case unsuccessful. A third instance was one of Unoomirta, where the widow does not burn the body of her deceased husband, but with the wooden shoes and stick belonging to him. The husband had been attached to the Court of Jeypoor. The public officers endeavoured to prevent the act, but the deluded woman petitioned the Court, and was at length suffered to burn. She was about seventeen. A fourth instance occurred at Stantipore, where a Brahmin's three wives, one at the age of 37, another of 21, and the third 15, were suffered to burn, before the permission of the Magistrates had arrived. A fifth took place at Chitapore; the widow was 69. A sixth occurred at Serampore; the widow was 70, and possessing property—her son appeared in high spirits at the pile!

A PERSUASIVE TEXT.

When the Duke of Ormond, whose family name was Butler, went over as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the vessel was driven by distress of weather into the Isle of Man, where his grace was hospitably entertained by the curate of the place, named Joseph. The pleasantness of his landlord, induced the Duke to enquire into his circumstances, and finding they were but scanty, he promised to provide for him as soon as he should be settled in the Viceroyship. Joseph waited many months in hopes of hearing from his patron, but being disappointed, resolved to go over to Dublin to remind him of his promise.—Despairing of gaining access to the Duke, he waited upon Dean Swift, and asked his permission to preach at the Cathedral the next Sunday.—The Dean delighted with his conversation, gave his consent. The Lord Lieutenant with his Court were all at church, and sat opposite to the pulpit. None of them had any recollection of Joseph, till after naming his text, which was in Genesis X. 23, “Yet did not the chief Butler remember Joseph, but forgot him.” He made so pointed an allusion to the Duke, and his entertainment, in the Isle of Man, that his features were recognized, and when the sermon was done, he was invited to the Castle, and a good living provided for him.

SMELLING AND TASTING.

If a person be hood winked effectually, he will, with difficulty, if at all, recognize the difference between rum, gin and brandy; but if, besides having his eyes bound up, the nostrils are closed by the pressure of the fingers, all distinction in flavour between these very dissimilar spirits will be confounded. To exhibit this phenomenon in a more effectual manner, the three glasses of spirits ought to be presented successively to the person upon whom the experiment is to be made, who ought to sip of each before he is called upon to decide upon them singly; then put him to the proof by giving him the glasses over again, and he will be found so entirely at fault, that if he makes the experiment a dozen times, he will, in all probability, not pronounce correctly above three or four times, and that will be purely accidental. *It is the same with women.*

A Tellurian, which is described as a very ingenious and splendid machine, has recently been made by a Mr. Keill, of Baltimore, by which every phenomena of the motion of our planet and its satellite is produced with such correctness, and so explained by scales, that the results of thousands of figures and hours of labor, are seen by the turning of a crank. Mr. K. is not a man of learning or science, but young and ingenious, and has made and invented most of the tools used in the construction of his Tellurian, some of which are said to be scarcely less useful and important than the Tellurian itself.—*Salem Gazette*.

Common Schools in the State of New York.—From the annual report of the superintendent of common schools the Albany Daily Advertiser gathers the following facts which are interesting to all as connected with a subject of vital importance to the welfare of the state.

Of the 714 towns and wards in the state, 700 have made returns.

During the year past 426,350 children have been taught, on an average of 8 months.

There are 7773 school districts, of which 7117 have made returns.

The sum of \$182,790 00 has been apportioned among the districts.

There has been an increase of 181 districts during the year.

There has been an increase of children taught of 22,410 in the year.

In the year 1816, there were but 140,105 children taught in schools where the public money was applied.

The amount of the school fund is \$1,319,886 46.

AN EXTENSIVE SAVING.—A spice merchant of Constantinople, carrying a piece of fine cloth to a tailor, desired to have a cloak and tunic made of it, and inquired if there was enough. The artist having measured the stuff, declared it sufficient; and then requested to know what had been the cost of it? “Five sequins,” replied the customer, “was the price; and, considering the quality, that is not dear.” The tailor paused for a moment, “I am a beginner in trade,” said he to the spice dealer, “and money is an object to me—give me two sequins, and I will show you how you may save three in this affair.” “I agree,” returned the other; and the two sequins were produced and paid. “It is well!” said the man of the needle, “I am a person of my word. This cloth has cost five sequins, and I have promised to save you three. Take it then to some other tailor, and Allah direct you to one of more experience; for I have never made such a dress as that you want; and if I attempt it, it will be spoiled.”

Superiority in virtue is the most unpardonable provocation that can be given to a base mind. Innocence is too amiable to be beheld without hatred; and it is a secret acknowledgment of merit which the wicked are betrayed into, when they pursue good men with violence. This behaviour visibly proceeds from a consciousness in them, that other people's virtue upbraids their own want of it.

It is observed, that education is generally the worse in proportion to the wealth and grandeur of the parents. Many are apt to think, that to dance, fence, speak French, and know how to behave among great persons comprehends the whole duty of a gentleman; which opinion is enough to destroy all the seed of knowledge, honor, wisdom, and virtue among us.

It is great imprudence to determine children to any particular business, before their temper and inclinations are well known. Every one, says Horace, is best in his own profession; that which fits us best, is best; nor is any thing more fitting, than that every one should consider his own genius and capacity, and act accordingly.

Xenophon commended the Persians for the prudent education of their children, who would not admit them to effeminate their minds with amorous stories and idle romances, being sufficiently convinced of the danger of adding weight to the bias of corrupt nature.

WAR IMPOSITORY.

[Original.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLDIER.

It was in the fall of 1812, that I procured a commission and entered the armies of my country. Unaccustomed as yet to a military life, and little conversant with the duties of a soldier, I was not unfrequently the subject of laughter to my more fortunate and better informed comrades.

To have one's ignorance made the butt of merriment, is ever perplexing—it is peculiarly so to the soldier. I had as good regimentals and equipments as any in the regiment, but still, I felt awkward and foolish on the parade; the officers saw it, the rough and almost undisciplined soldier knew it, and at times I felt my patriotism and military ardour cooling, when I saw the scoundrels smiling as I tremblingly gave the word of command.

My superiors, by way of encouragement, would sometimes tell me to take courage, but this only increased my diffidence. There was however, a young officer of the same regiment, who kindly condescended to become my instructor, and under whose tuition I was soon able to make myself proficient in the requisite qualifications.

Lieutenant Allen, although reserved and secluded in his manners, was one of the most accomplished officers in the regiment. He had not then numbered twenty-three years, but notwithstanding his age, few were his equals in the knowledge of the camp, or the duties of a military life.

None knew his history; a stranger he entered the army, and had ever forbore to give any account of himself or his previous life. It was rumoured that he had served in the armies of Napoleon, and perfected himself under that celebrated captain.

During our two years intimacy, he never breathed a sentiment of his former life or gave one sentence from which I could learn his history. From some few circumstances I was induced to believe that he had served in foreign wars, and that he had witnessed some of the battles that had ensanguined Europe.

Nor was he distinguished for his military attainments only, his mind had been cultivated and was stored with the treasures of science. In his society and conversation I passed some of the most useful, and certainly the happiest hours of a miserable existence. Recollection has treasured up even in the lapse of years, a thousand images of that gallant but unfortunate youth, such as time can never blot from the page of memory.

There was, it is true, periods in which I doubted his integrity, but then I did poor James injustice. I well recollect, that our conversation one day turned upon Arnold—I spoke of his treachery with the feelings of an American, while he said something in justification. We became warm, I was vehement, and called the curse of God on Arnold and his posterity, and prayed that he might blast every traitor.

James paused—he leaned his head upon his hand and seemed overcome with "feelings, deep concealed." At length he begged that this conversation, which he had often introduced, might never be revived. It was then I doubted his faith. But upon reflection it seemed impossible that he harboured treacherous designs in his heart. Frequently had he been placed in

trying and difficult situations, and ever had he manifested the same fidelity and attachment to the service.

But a few days subsequent to this conversation we marched to the sortie on Erie. Severe was the conflict, and I saw on that day, for the last time, the bright countenance of many a gallant comrade.

Among the first who mounted the parapet was James Allen. Foremost to encounter danger he seemed to court death. I hastened to his assistance, and our soldiers pressed forward with a force that the enemy found irresistible. A few moments elapsed, and not a gun was heard, the smoke curled away in the distance, and the broad stripes of our banner were seen waving in the breeze.

It was a proud day—the remembrance of it cannot soon be erased from my mind. Though years have since intervened, and sorrow laid heavy her hand, there are moments when reverting to the success of my country's arms, that my bosom thrills with emotion; even now the fond exclamations of victory seem to reverberate in my ear, and cheer my heart. There are mingled with these bright recollections, others however of a more painful nature.

But a few moments after the capture of the fort, I was called to witness the death of one, who, for the last eighteen months had been my constant companion. It was James Allen. None but those who have been the inmates of camps, and familiar with scenes of this description, can duly realize the sufferings of a soldier. It is the death of our comrades, those whom we love and esteem—their lingering torments under the pain of excruciating wounds, and sickening disease, with no relative to solace and comfort them, that renders the death-bed of the soldier, cheerless. Poor James had been sick and unfortunate and had never breathed his sorrows to another. He was now fast hastening to his last earthly home, the grave. A ball had pierced his breast, and from the wound, the current of life oozed freely. As I entered the room to which he had been removed, he seized my hand and motioned me to sit beside him.

It was with difficulty that he could speak, but summoning up his strength, as if sensible that his last moment was fast approaching, he gave me in a few brief words, his history.

"I had thought," he said, "to have died unknown and unregarded, but the friendship which you have manifested for me during our short acquaintance, induces me to make you my confidant in this my dying moment. Start not then, if I tell you, that I am descended from the unfortunate, ill-fated, yes if you rather, the traitor Arnold." Here fixing his sinking and dying eye upon me, as if to read my thoughts, he for a moment paused. I cannot even now realize that moment, or judge of the expression of my features. Tell it not, he at length added, to my comrades, let them know me by no other name, than Allen. And you, if your mind should hereafter turn to other days, remember me only as the American soldier.

He died shortly after and was buried beneath an oak that throws its broad shade on the banks of the Niagara. A humble stone marks the spot, the soldier, who fought at Erie, knows it well, and seldom visits that scene of former bloodshed, without pausing at the grave of him, who devoted his life to the service of that country which his father disgraced.

ALFRED.

THE HEROIC FEMALE.

Previous to the election of Frederic as King of Bohemia, a desperate litigation had commenced between two noblemen, who had married sisters, the daughters of a wealthy baron, recently deceased, and each claimed, in right of his wife, a splendid inheritance.—The origin of this feud was of a romantic cast. Twelve years before, the baron, a man of irascible passions, suspecting that his eldest daughter had formed an unsuitable connection, confined her in a solitary tower on the summit of a cliff, to which the only access was by a perpendicular ascent, sufficiently difficult to impede the most enterprising adventurer. In this gloomy turret, the unhappy girl was condemned to waste her blooming youth, with no other company than the jailers appointed by her inhuman parent. At length the baron died, without pardoning or even seeing his ill-fated child; but not before he had given in marriage his second daughter to a nobleman of Calvinistic principles, who, on his demise, took possession of the whole property, as his wife's patrimony; and, effectually to bar all filial pretensions, without scruple, determined that the captivity of his sister should terminate but with her existence. For some time, Baron Slabata enjoyed, unmolested, the magnificent castle of his wife's ancestors; and, such is the moral degradation attendant on feudal ignorance, his iniquitous actions were chartered with impunity. In this meanwhile, it was notorious that the baron had left two daughters, one of whom, the eldest, and consequently the heiress, though unmarried, was supposed to be still in existence. Otto of Wartenburg, a spirited nobleman, with more courage than wealth, having lately buried his wife, recalled the image of the captive in her happier days, and resolved to attempt her deliverance. For this purpose, he repaired with a chosen band of brave men, to the foot of the declivity on which her tower stood. With infinite difficulty Otto ascended by a ladder of ropes to the summit, and employed the same to assist his companions.—Having so far succeeded, they stormed the fortress, killed the guards, and, in the tone of chivalrous romance, released the lady. In what manner the victim of paternal cruelty and fraternal avarice had endured her tedious imprisonment, is not detailed; but, however it might have impaired her beauty, it had not deprived her of attractions in the eyes of Otto, who believed that in making her his wife, he should, by the laws of Bohemia, acquire an exclusive right to her father's possessions. Readily did the outcast lady accept his hand, and gladly did she acquiesce in the bold step he proposed to reinstate her in the castle of his ancestors.

In this emergency, the regular course would have been to institute a legal process in the chancellor's court, and patiently to await his decision. But delays were as ill suited to the baron's necessities as the lady's impatience. The revolutionary movement in Bohemia seemed to have conferred personal privileges on individual men. Instead, therefore, of submitting his claims to a chancellor, who might be swayed by interest or prejudice, Otto, like a true knight, took his cause into his own hands; and, having collected a sufficient force of armed men, proceeded to the castle, compelled admission, *vi et armis*, and dislodged its former occupants.

The discomfited Slabata lost no time in stating his grievances to the directors, who summoned Wartenburg to answer for the outrage. Instead of obeying the citation, that nobleman employed himself in arming his wife's vassals, who, either touched by her sufferings, or captivated by her husband's gallantry, promised to stand or fall by their new lord. Ill fitted to contend with his intrepid foe, the base Slabata had no resource but to resign his cause to the chancellor, and tamely to endure affront, until the election of a new monarch had re-established in Bohemia a more regular government. On the arrival of Frederic in Bohemia, even Otto of Wartenburg altered his deportment, acquiesced in legal process, and implored the royal protection. Unfortunately, Slabata had already secured the good will of the new government; and his forcible ejection from the castle was declared to be a violation of the laws, for which offence Otto was emersed in a heavy fine, and imprisoned in the tower of Prague.

The countess was allowed to remain in the castle of Gutschin until the cause in the chancellor's court should be finally determined; when, on what coloura-

His pretence appears not, the representative of the eldest sister was non-suited, and Slabata, the unjust rapacious brother, confirmed in the inheritance. Not one moment was lost by the favoured litigant to enforce restitution; but, well knowing that the wife of Wartenberg participated in her husband's courage, he urged the Rath to persuade her not to arm her vassals against the king's authority. The lady listened with calmness, and even promised to admit Slabata quietly, provided he came without soldiers, and attended only by legal officers. For this the Rath pledged himself; and Slabata arrived, with only ten legal commissioners, to the gates of the castle. Mistrusting, however, the placability of his sister-in-law, he had taken the precaution to provide soldiers, who, entering by a postern gate, were admitted privately within the court of the castle.

In the meanwhile, her vassals, including the inhabitants of Gutschin, beginning, unasked, to assemble before the gates of the castle, the Rath read to them aloud the royal commission, denouncing the penalties of imprisonment and confiscation on all who resisted the royal mandate. Upon hearing this preamble, the people dispersed, leaving the lady Wartenberg no alternative but submission or imprisonment. Her native pride and courage were still unsubdued; and, preferring even death with vengeance, to beggary and disgrace, she commanded her soldiers to fall upon Slabata's party. The latter proving victorious, she withdrew with precipitation to an inner apartment, where she had hoarded a few barrels of powder; and here having plied the men with wine, she presented them with pipes for smoking, and encouraged them by fair promises, to renew the attack, though from an effort so desperate, she could expect only destruction. In the meanwhile, Slabata, exulting in success, was proudly conducting his retainers to the hall, too happy to be relieved from the presence of his injured kinswoman. But vain were his speculations! According to Kevenhuller, a fatal spark, accidentally communicating from a torch to the small powder magazine which the lady had hoarded as her last resource, at once awarded justice to the rapacious Slabata and the vindictive wife of Otto. In a few moments was heard an explosion, beyond description terrible; the walls of the castle were lifted from their foundations; in a single instant one of its wings was levelled with the earth, and with the exception of five or six favoured individuals, who almost miraculously escaped, nobles, peasants, vassals, children, horses, were involved in one fate, and above all, the lady and the baron, who had been the primary cause of the catastrophe.

No sooner was the news received at Prague than the wretched Otto was released from the tower, apparently at liberty to take possession of the melancholy ruins; but, though audacious, he was not obdurate; and, so overwhelming were the impressions of horror and grief which this catastrophe produced on his frame, that he survived not many days his miserable consort. Such was the state of society in Bohemia, that this tremendous outrage was perpetrated in a castle but ten miles distant from the gates of Prague.

A TALE.

When I was a young boy, I had delicate health, and was somewhat of a pensive and contemplative turn of mind: it was my delight, in the long summer evenings, to slip away from my noisy and more robust companions, that I might walk in the shade of a venerable wood, my favourite haunt, and listen to the cawing of the old rooks, who seemed as fond of this retreat as I was.

One evening I sat later than usual, though the distant sound of the cathedral clock had more than once warned me to my home. There was a stillness in all nature that I was unwilling to disturb by the least motion. From this reverie I was suddenly startled by the sight of a tall slender female, who was standing by me, looking sorrowfully and steadily in my face. She was dressed in white, from head to foot, in a fashion I had never seen before: her garments were unusually long and flowing, and rustled as she glided through the low shrubs near me as if they were made of the richest silk. My heart beat as if I was dying, and I knew not that I could have stirred from the spot: but she seemed so very mild and beautiful, I did not attempt it. Her pale brown hair was braided round her head, but there were some locks that strayed upon her neck; and

altogether she looked like a lovely picture, but not like a living woman. I closed my eyes forcibly with my hands, and when I looked again she had vanished.

I cannot exactly say why I did not on my return speak of this beautiful appearance, nor why, with a strange mixture of hope and fear, I went again and again to the same spot that I might see her. She always came, and often in the storm and plashing rain, that never seemed to touch or to annoy her, and looked sweetly at me, and silently passed on; and I though she was so near to me, that once the wind lifted those light straying locks, and I felt them against my cheek, yet I could never move or speak to her. I felt ill: and when I recovered, my mother questioned me of the tall lady, of whom, in the height of my fever, I had so often spoken.

I cannot tell you what a weight was taken from my boyish spirits, when I learnt that this was no apparition, but a most lovely woman; not young, though she had kept her young looks, for the grief which had broken her heart seemed to have spared her beauty.

When the rebel troops were retreating after their total defeat, in that very wood I was so fond of, a young officer, unable any longer to endure the anguish of his wounds, sunk from his horse, and laid himself down to die. He was found there by the daughter of Sir Henry R—, and conveyed by a trusty domestic to her father's mansion. Sir Henry was a loyalist; but the officer's desperate condition excited his compassion, and his many wounds spoke a language that a brave man could not misunderstand. Sir Henry's daughter with many tears pleaded for him, and pronounced that he should be carefully and secretly attended. And well she kept her promise, for she waited upon him (her mother being long dead) for many weeks, and anxiously watched for the first opening of his eyes, that, languid as he was, looked brightly and gratefully upon his young nurse.

You may fancy better than I can tell you, as he slowly recovered, all the moments that were spent in reading, and low-voiced singing, and gentle playing on the lute, and how many fresh flowers were brought to one whose wounded limbs would not bear him to gather them for himself, and how calmly the days glided on in the blessedness of returning health, and in that sweet silence so carefully enjoined him. I will pass by this to speak of one day, which, brighter and pleasanter than others, did not seem more bright or more lovely than the looks of the young maiden, as she gaily spoke of a "little festival which (though it must bear an unworthier name) she meant really to give in honour of her guest's recovery."—"And it is time, lady," said he, "for that guest, so tended and so honored, to tell you his whole story, and speak to you of one who will help him to thank you. May I ask you, fair lady, to write a little billet for me, which, even in these times of danger, I may find some means to forward?" To his mother, no doubt, she thought, as with light steps and a lighter heart she seated herself by his couch, and smilingly bade him dictate; but, when he said "my dear wife," and lifted up his eyes to be asked for more, he saw before him a pale statue, that gave him one look of utter despair, and fell, for he had no power to help her, heavily at his feet. Those eyes never truly reflected the pure soul again, or by answering the fond enquiries of her poor old father. She lived to be as I saw her—sweet and gentle, and delicate always; but reason returned no more. She visited till the day of her death the spot where she first saw the young soldier, and dressed herself in the very clothes that he said so well became her.

HISTORY.

ITALY.

"Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty!"

The name of Italy is connected with many associations that are dear to the soul. Not with more enthusiasm did the crusaders visit the Holy Land than does the man of literature this classic clime. He cannot think of Virgil or Horace, Tasso, Ariosto, or him with the "hundred tales," or the visionary Dante, or the divine Petrarch, without conjuring up to his imagination this "Land of sweet sounds,"—his paradise of the world. No, is it less endeared, or become less interesting by the pilgrimages of men of modern times. Ad-

dison and Goldsmith, and the living bard whose genius has shed its departing rays over the remnants of its freedom, rush at once upon our minds when we think of Italy. The poet there takes his full draught of inspiration; and when contemplating the ruins of all that was once great and glorious in the earth, pausing as it were over the wrecks of time, and pondering on the vanity of all things, insensibly imbibes the pervading spirit of its former greatness; and in describing the dim forms of old, as they are shadowed to his imagination, his breast glows with a chivalrous ardour at their exploits, and he becomes at once a partaker of their pleasures and their immortality.

The richness and fertility of the soil, its abundance of cattle, the salubrity of the air, the endless variety of its fruits and flowers, its aromatic gums, its wine and oil, however beautiful they appear upon the face of the country, are not to be compared with the deep interest that is excited by its connexion with the mistress of the world. Rome, the queen of the nations, whose ruins are now enshrined in the jewels of poetry—Rome, the kingdom of the arts and sciences, whose literature was disseminated over the whole civilized world—Rome, whose proud line of Cæsars are slumbering in the dust, and whose mighty consuls are no more—Rome, whose golden eagles glittered in the sunbeam, and extended their ambitious wings over the face of the earth—Rome still survives the poet, the painter, the sculptor, and the enthusiast:

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand,
And while Rome stands—the world."

We cannot step even on the confines of Italy without being overshadowed and overwhelmed with the mysteries of its mythology. Here Saturn reigned and gave the golden age—and two-faced Janus, who built up splendid temples, and reared the sacred altars. Here the nymphs and satyrs danced to the inspiring music of the timbrel—here Agrippa erected his noble fame to the honour of all the gods. The Tiber, with its golden sands, still flows; and is the same river which Horace describes as he saw it forced backward from the Tuscan shore! We may even now stand upon the Capitoline-hill, and look down upon ruined Rome—the "skeleton," as some author has expressed himself, of that gigantic form which was once terrible to the nations. Tradition still consecrates the name of Hannibal with the lake of Thrasymene, and there is an old circular ruin which the peasants will call "the Carthaginian's tower." The Egerian grot brings to our memory the fabled interview of Numa with the beautiful nymph, who, during her mighty visitations, instructed him to rule full well the Roman people. The springs over which she presided still bubble from among the pumice rocks, and trickle through the mosses and long grasses that flourish there.

The swift Camilla scoured the plains of Italy, and opposed the landing of Æneas, who, having escaped from the dangers of the Trojan war, and the perils of the deep, by command of Venus here rested from his toils and founded a city.—Here Pythagoras, after having travelled for knowledge to Egypt, and beyond the walls of Babylon, founded his school of philosophy, and taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Nor should we forget Rome's founder, the son of war-like Mars, with the 'she wolf,' his nurse, whose story seemed so wondrous in our youth. The luxurious Ovid attached his name to the immortal city, when in the spirit of prophecy he divined the perpetuity of his fame, and shouted

"One half of round eternity is mine!"

Corinna and the wanton Julia, and the chaste Virginia, and the vestal train who watched the vital fire, and Tullia, the proud paricide, and a numerous train of women, endearing by their virtues, or odious for their vices, rush over the memory when we think of Italy. Cato and Brutus, names dear to liberty, and Cicero, the parent of Roman eloquence, and what was still dearer to his honour and his virtues, the father of the Roman people. Poets, philosophers, historians, and orators, rise and pass in review before us with all their attributes, and in all their glory, and render Italy a country deservedly the most famous in the world. The Alps and the Apennines, and the now spouseless Adriatic, and the Tyrrhene sea, names sacred to sweet song, will ever be remembered with the region they protect and adorn; and so long as the love of the fine arts maintains its influence over the mind of man,

shall Italy be celebrated and held in remembrance above the other nations of the earth. She now stands "like Niobe in tears," but, beautiful in her melancholy she will continue to be an object of reverential worship—a form of idolatry, by all those who have seen her marble statues, and to whom her paintings and her poetry are known.

THE LITERARY CASKET.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1826.

The following gentlemen have been selected to judge of the merits of the pieces, which may be presented for the Premiums, offered by the publishers.

Rev. N. S. Wheaton—John M. Niles, Esq.—Rev. Hector Humphreys—Noah A. Phelps, Esq.—Rev. G. W. Doane—Isaac Tousey—S. H. Huntington—S. G. Goodrich, and J. G. C. Brainard, Esquires.

PREMIUMS.

To give encouragement to genius, the Publishers of the LITERARY CASKET, hereby offer a Premium of \$10, or a piece of Plate of that value, for the best original MORAL TALE, and \$10 for the best original POEM, to be published in the Casket.

A select committee has been appointed to judge of the merits of the respective pieces offered, which must be presented on or before the 25th April.

Candidates will please enclose their names in a separate envelope, in letters Post-paid, by the above time, addressed to the Publishers of the Casket.

It is announced in the London Courier, that a life of the celebrated Lord Chatham, by a gentleman of considerable literary talents, is in the press. It is added that the work will be published under the patronage of the family, and will receive the special assistance of Lord Grenville. It is to appear in three volumes quarto. It is stated that the new editor of the Quarterly Review is engaged by the proprietor at a salary of fifteen hundred pounds per annum, in addition to which he is to succeed to Mr. Stewart Rose's sinecure situation in the House of Lords.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—It is stated in the Leed's Journal, that Constable, the Bookseller, whose failure has involved Sir Walter Scott, paid annually to Mr. Jeffrey for his services, in editing the Edinburgh Review, two thousand eight hundred pounds sterling, and to Sir James Mac Intosh and Mr. Brougham, each, for particular articles which they furnish for the Review, one hundred pounds. The lowest recompence for any contribution, received and published, has been at the rate of fifteen guineas per sheet.

A COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.—The citizens of Philadelphia lately held a meeting to receive the report of a committee on the subject of establishing a new College of Science and English Literature, to embrace every branch of instruction required for the agriculturalist, the mechanic or manufacturer, the architect, the civil engineer, the merchant, and other men of business. A board of Trustees was chosen to appoint the professors and establish the regulations of the College, and a committee to solicit donations and subscriptions.

It is said that Cooper, the novelist, received \$5,000 for the copy-right of the "Last of the Mohicans."

"THE GREAT UNKNOWN" no longer Unknown.—We have seen a letter from London, dated the 14th of February, which mentions that Sir WALTER SCOTT had acknowledged himself (under oath) the Author of the *Waverly Novels*. It is already known, that the author of these Novels was a large creditor of the House of Constable & Co. Edinburgh, which failed some time since. In proving this claim, Sir Walter was obliged to acknowledge himself the author of these works.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

The following obituary notice is from an English paper published at York. The lamented death which is the subject of it, took place on the 11th of Feb last—and is one in which we believe every American of philanthropic or literary feeling will be deeply interested.

Death of Mr. Lindley Murray.—It is with feelings of deep regret that we announce the death of the highly respected Lindley Murray; the author of an English Grammar, and of many other most approved works on education. His last illness was of short duration, scarcely exceeding two days; but his whole life may be said to have been a constant preparation for his final change, so that death could scarcely, at any time have come upon him unawares. He expired, very peacefully, on Thursday morning, at his house at Holdgate, near this city, in the eighty-first year of his age, and in the full possession of all his mental faculties.

He was a native of Pennsylvania, in North America; but he resided for a great part of his life at New-York. In the year 1784, his health being much impaired, he was strongly recommended by his physicians to remove into a more temperate climate. He accordingly came to this country, accompanied by his faithful and beloved wife; and, though not restored to health, he received so much benefit as induced him to settle in England. During the greater part of his abode in this country, he was, from inability to walk, and from general feebleness of constitution, wholly confined to his house. To cheer, and usefully to employ, the years of confinement and languor, he prepared a number of volumes, chiefly designed for the benefit of young persons. These works, from the taste and judgment with which they are executed, and from the chastity of sentiments and language conspicuous through the whole of them, have obtained the applause and recommendation of the most eminent literary characters; and they are very extensively circulated both in this country and his native land.

Mr. Murray was a member of the religious society of Friends, by whom he was much esteemed. He was highly distinguished by the powers of his mind, and by the benevolence of his heart. He was a most affectionate husband, a sincere friend, a kind neighbor, a cheerful and instructive companion. His manners and conversation were peculiarly pleasing and impressive; his sentiments were refined and liberal; and the whole tenour of his life beautifully exemplified the moral and religious principles which his writings uniformly inculcated. By those who knew him intimately, his death will be long and deeply regretted; and by many of those who have derived benefit from his literary labors, he will be remembered with respect and gratitude, as one of the most zealous and enlightened friends of youth.

Annual List of New Publications.—There have issued from the different presses in the United States during the last year, eight hundred and forty-seven volumes; of which five hundred and ninety are original, and two hundred and fifty-seven have been reprinted from foreign editions of the same works. We presume that this estimate does not embrace the whole of the outpourings of the public presses in the country, but of this number we have collected and published the titles in the successive numbers of the United States Literary Gazette. We shall endeavour to make our list more perfect for the present year, and hope at the close of it, we may

be able conscientiously to return our acknowledgments to "the trade," for the promptness with which they forward to us full and accurate lists of the works they from time to time publish.—*U. S. Lit. Gaz.*

BURNS, the Scottish poet, gave the following humorous description of himself and his desolate situation in one of his letters.

"It is true the Muses baptised me in the Castalian stream, but the thoughtless gipsies forgot to give me a name. As the sex have served many a good fellow, the nine have given me a great deal of pleasure; but, bewitching jades! they have beggared me. O that they would but spare me a little of their cast-linen! were it only to put it in my power to say, that I have a shirt on my back! But the idle wenches, like Solomon's lillies, 'they toil not, neither do they spin;' so I must e'en continue to tie the remnant of a cravat, like the hangman's rope, round the naked throat, and coax my galigaskins to keep together their many-coloured fragments. As to the affair of shoes, I have given that up. My pilgrimages in my ballad trade, from town to town, on your stony turnpikes too, are what even the hide of Job's behemoth could not bear.—The coat on my back is no more;—I shall not speak evil of the dead. It would be equally unhandsome and ungrateful to find fault with my old surcoat, which so kindly supplies and conceals the want of that coat. My hat, indeed, is a favourite; and though I got it literally for an old song, I would not exchange it for the best beaver in Britain. Whenever I feel inclined to rest myself on the way, I take my seat under a hedge, laying my poetic wallet on one side, and my fiddle case on the other, and placing my hat between my legs, I can, by means of its brim, go through with the whole doctrine of the comic sections. * * * But amid all my rags and poverty, I am as independent, and much more happy than a monarch of the world."

"Nature often displays her magnificence without any aim, and often with a profuseness which the partisans of utility would call prodigal.—She seems to delight in giving more splendour to the flowers, to the trees of the forest, than to the vegetables which serve for the food of man. If what is useful held the first rank in nature, would she not adorn the nutritious plants with more charms than roses, which are only beautiful? And whence comes it, that to deck the altar of the divinity with flowers which are useless, should be preferred to doing it with the productions which are necessary to us? How happens it that what serves for the support of our lives, has less dignity than branties which have no object? It is because the beautiful recalls to our minds an immortal and divine existence, the recollection and the regret of which at the same time live in our hearts."

—*Madame de Staël.*

ROME.—A new field is lately opened to antiquarians near the city of Frascati, in the highest part of Mount Tusculum, which is enclosed in the city called Rufinella, which as well as the villa belongs to the King of Sardinia. This Prince has given orders to make researches, which have assisted in a remarkable manner to identify the spot where was founded the ancient city of Tusculum. In the neighborhood they have already discovered a theatre. And now by still greater good fortune, they have found the walls of the abandoned city, the road which led to it, the street which led to the theatre, and a mile stone on the same place where it had been placed several ages ago. This street paved with large stones, led to Palestrina. They have also discovered an aqueduct, a public fountain and baths, a head of Jupiter in good style, a vase of violet marble, of a beautiful form, but injured by time—other objects of antiquity, also of marble, and some elegant paintings. These are the objects which the researches so far have brought to light. But many motives inspire hopes respecting this magnificent and virgin ruin. The science of antiquity will find objects to exercise itself upon, and a new glory will arise in the city of Tusculum.—Discoveries so precious give an occasion to Count Blondi, who has the charge of them, to display his erudition and his talents for writing.

The Glasgow Free Press says, "New York, which contains 166,000 inhabitants, sends ten members to the American parliament!"

VARIETY.

The Hanging Gardens of Limerick, Ireland, are a great curiosity. An acre of ground is covered, with arches of various heights, the highest 40 feet, and the lowest 25; over these arches is placed a layer of earth of five feet thickness, and planted with choice fruit trees and flowers. The arches are employed as cellars for spirituous liquors, and will hold nearly 2000 hogheads. The work was commenced in 1808, and was completed in about five or six years. The expense of the whole undertaking was nearly 15,000*l*.—*London paper*.

It is a current story that a doctor, having purchased his diploma, in the course of a ride through Aberdeen, desired his man John when waiting at dinner, not to forget his new dignity, when ever he addressed him.—“No maister,” replied John “if so be as how you don’t forget mine;” showing him at the same time his doctors degree, which he had purchased in imitation of his master.

The stamp duties on receipts was first imposed during the celebrated Coalition Administration; which gave occasion for the following *jeu d’esprit*, at the time generally attributed to Sheridan:

“I would,” says Fox “a tax devise,

That shall not fall on me;”

“Then tax receipts,” Lord North replies,

“For those you never see!”

Fonthill Abbey.—This magnificent structure is at length uninhabited; it is stripped of the whole of its costly furniture, and most of the principal windows are taken out. But a few months since, it was expected that this princely mansion would soon go to ruin and become a place of shelter to the feathered tribe.

Professor Silliman, in the number of the American Journal of Science and Arts, just published, remarks that the gases which are emitted by our anthracite coal, are not less noxious than those from burning charcoal; and that the very same deadly gas which is produced by the latter (the carbonic acid gas) is generated in equal abundance by the anthracite; but as this fuel will not burn without a strong draught, there is, in general, no danger nor annoyance from its foul gases, which are necessarily carried up the chimney. The learned Professor adds—“So far as my information extends, the anthracites of Pennsylvania are the most valuable fuel in the world.” He believes that the most economical application of this coal, is, beyond question, in lined sheet iron stoves; and that its comparatively abundant flame must fit it for varieties of furnace operations, which are very important in the arts.

A captain at Philadelphia went into a store to borrow a rake to get some coals together, which had been scattered on the wharf. The merchant looking round upon his clerks, said, “I have a number, but doubt whether they will do.” The captain took the pun, and observed, “I suppose they would not wish to be hauled over the coals!”

A celebrated female singer, lately passing through Liverpool, was taken to see the blind asylum among other institutions. The inmates hearing that celebrated vocalist was present, begged very respectfully that they might be gratified by the sounds of her voice, to which she readily assented, and selected rather inadvertently—“Drink to me only with thine eyes.”

On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan in Ireland is a stone with the following inscription, no doubt intended for the information of strangers travelling that way. “N. B.—When this stone is out of sight it is unsafe to ford the river.”

A young Frenchman went to the confessional—the first question put to him was whether he ever prayed, “no,” said the man for I cannot read and know no prayers—if you, Holy Father, would teach me one, I would use it night and morning.” “Well, my son,” said the Holy Father, repeat this short prayer; it will answer your purpose—“Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, have mercy upon me.” The young man repeated it over and over till he had gotten it by heart. The next year when he came again to confess, his priest required of him to repeat the prayer he had taught him the year before. The youth com-

menced, “Sheep of God—“stop,” said the priest, “I never told you to say ‘Sheep of God.’” “Ah!” replied the lad, “that’s true enough, but you know Holy Father, that a year has elapsed since you taught me the prayer, and surely, that Lamb must be a Sheep by this time.”

A lad at Eaton College, where it is indispensable to shew up a copy of verses every week, poet or no poet, got constantly flogg’d for non-compliance of the standing order of the school. He thought at any rate he would give his tutor enough verses for once, therefore shewed up the following:

*Carmina, carmina, carmina, carmina, earmini, carmin
Carmina multa rogas, carmina multa didi.*

When Bonaparte threatened to put his great invasion of England in execution; there was a brisk ballot for the militia, and if drawn, it required from 50 to 60 guineas to procure a substitute. A young general, who could ill afford to pay that sum, was obliged to join the ranks—he thus exclaimed:

*Nun quam audivi, such terrible news,
As at this present tempus, my senses confuse;
I’m drawn for a miles and must go cum Marte
Incommodus enae to engage Bonaparte.”*

An Irish Sailor’s Prayer.—An honest Hibernian tar, a great favourite with the gallant Nelson, used to pray in these words every night when he went into his hammock:—“God be thanked, I never killed any man, nor no man ever killed me—God bless the world, and success to the navy.”

Genius.—When the government of a nation encourages science and arts, genius emerges and flourishes.—There has been an age of Pericles, an Augustan age, an age of Leo X., and an age of Elizabeth, all of which were illustrious for mental developement, and for bold and dauntless enterprize.

When I hear two polemics making a great deal of noise, on points of subtle, and therefore very worthless, subjects, I can compare them to nothing but two sour apples roasting before the kitchen fire—there is a constant sputtering between them; it seems if they were debating about something, while all the noise proceeds from the same cause—acidity and heat.

A good Turn.—In former times a man was indicted for felony, at a county court, in Ireland, on a charge of having taken unlawful toll from his customer’s bag.—The judge who tried this cause, was a man of deep learning; but a man hardened to sin, and callous to the claims of humanity. After the testimony was heard, and the lawyers for the plaintiff and defendant had done their parts—the one laboring to spread a fog over the cause, the other laboring to disperse that fog—the one pelting the defendant with scurrilities, the other retorting those scurrilities on the plaintiff, each in his turn delving the antagonist lawyer with sneers, jeers and sarcasms, the judge rose and addressed the jury.

In the course of his charge, he turned to the miller, saying, “put a tailor, a weaver, and a miller in a bag, shake them and shake them, and the first that comes out is a rogue.” “Well your honor, (rejoined the miller), put an attorney, a counsellor, and a judge in a bag, shake ‘um and shake ‘um”—“And what then, rascal?” cried the judge, very angrily. “Why, your honor, (continued the miller, very coolly, not daring to speak the truth), he that won’t come out; may it please your honor, may stay in.”

Macklin, going to insure some property, was asked by the clerk how he would please to have his name entered: “Entered!” replied Macklin; “why I am only plain Charles Macklin, a vagabond by the act of Parliament; but in compliment to the times, you may set me down Charles Macklin, esquire, as they are now synonymous terms.”

MR. COBBETT’S CHARACTER OF HIMSELF.—“What trouble have I not taken myself? What labours have I not performed? What risks have I not run? What perils have I not encountered? aye, and a numerous family along with me? And, if I had preferred ease to labour? if I had not preferred interest to duty; how rich might I not have been: and in what complete ignorance might not the country have been with regard to the cause of its calamities. Whatever else men may be led to think of me; there is not a man in the

kingdom who will look another man in the face and say, that I might not have wallowed in wealth; that I might not have been covered with what the world calls honours, if I had chosen to aid in the work of delusion and oppression, instead of having, without the exception of one single act of my life, endeavoured to dissipate the former, and to put an end to, or mitigate, the latter. It is agreed, amongst all descriptions of men, that I possess extraordinary powers; that I wield a pen more powerful than that of any other man now living in England. This is acknowledged by all. I have wielded it by turns against many descriptions of men; but in no one single instance can I be charged as having wielded it for the purpose of furthering my own interest.”—*Cobbett’s Register*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Selected principally from the United States Literary Gazette.

The first volume of the History of Napoleon, by the “Great Unknown,” was published and circulating in London on the 3d of February.

The life of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Founder of the United Irish Society, and Adjutant General and Chief de Brigade in the Service of the French and Batavian Republic. Written by Himself, and continued by his Son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone, with a brief Account of his own Education and Campaigns under the Emperor Napoleon. 2 Vols. Washington. P. Thompson. 8vo.

Sketches of Algiers, Political, Historical, and Civil, containing an Account of the Geography, Population, Government, Revenues, Commerce, Agriculture, Arts, Civil Institutions, Tribes, Manners, Languages, and Recent Political History of that Country. By William Shaler, American Consul General at Algiers. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co. 1826. 8vo. pp. 310.

Recollections of the Last Ten Years, passed in occasional Residences and Journeys in the Valley of the Mississippi, from Pittsburg and the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Florida to the Spanish Frontier; in a Series of Letters to the Rev. James Flint, of Salem, Massachusetts. By Timothy Flint, Principal of the Seminary of Rapide, Louisiana. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co. 1826. 8vo. pp. 395.

Remarks, Critical and Historical, on an Article in the Forty-seventh Number of the North American Review, relating to Count Pulaski. Addressed to the Readers of the North American Review. By the Author of “Sketches of the Life of Greene.” Charleston, S. C. C. C. Sebring. 8vo. pp. 37.

A Highly interesting work is in the press at Madrid; the voyage of Christopher Columbus, compiled chiefly from his own papers, which have been discovered within a few years, and composed in part of extracts from his journal. This work had been prepared for publication by the famous Bishop Las Casas. A translation from the Spanish into English, is making by Washington Irving, who is at present at Madrid. It will probably be published in this country early in the ensuing summer.—*N. Y. Et. Post*.

The following are the contents of the United States Literary Gazette, for April 1, 1826—No. 1.

Reviews.—Remarks on the Banks and Currency of the New England States; Gov. Winthrop’s History of New England; Mr. Tredgold’s Treatise on Rail-Roads and Carriages; Roman Nights, or the Tomb of the Scipios.

Miscellany.—Sneezing; Philosophy of Language.

Original Poetry.—A Fancy Piece; Song; Stanzas.

Critical Notices.—Goodwin’s Town Officer; Notes on the Origin and Necessity of Slavery; The contributions of Q. Q. to a Periodical Work.

Intelligence.—Mr. Webster’s Oration; Comet of 1826; Athenæum in Boston; School Fund for the several States; National Banner; Annual List of New Publications; Modern Practice of Physic; University at Leeds; on the Construction of Chimneys; Legislature of Ohio; New Publications.

THE WREATH.

[Original.]

THE FOREST BRIDE.

In the forest gloom by a clear blue lake,
Where the wolf's long howl o'er the mountains break,
There oft is seen in the night's dark shade,
The sprightly form of a beautiful maid.
As light as air she steals from the cove,
Chaunting a song to her own true love,
And she paddles her boat o'er the cheerless wave,
To an ancient oak that the billows lave.

But soon as her light bark touches the shore,
The boat and maiden are seen no more,
The wind howls o'er the noiseless tide,
As if it bewailed the forest bride.

A tale, the roving hunters tell,
How in olden time there came to dwell,
In that forest gloom a lovely pair,
A hunter he, the lady fair.

The gentle youth was often seen,
Pursuing his game in garb of green,
While she at eve would haste to meet,
And welcome him back to their lone retreat.

When darkness had all nature lul'd,
To meet her youth the boat she skul'd,
And sweetly chaunted a song of joy,
To charm the ear of her forest boy.

One night she heard a wild halloo,
And quickly sped her light canoe,
But a breeze swept o'er the cold dark wave,
And the murky deep became her grave.

In far distant lands the youth sojourn'd,
And never again to the dell return'd,
But on that dark, and that turbid tide,
The hunter oft sees the forest bride.

K. X.

A FRAGMENT.

There was a farewell moment.
When the eye was seen through
"Gleaming tears" to fix their ardent
Gaze on one—who watched the
"Deep'ning crimson" of those cheeks,
And saw the beautiful must die.
Oh! there was a ray of light
Which shed its sweetness 'round that
Brow of her's—so pure and so unearthly—
That its parting radiance hush'd
The sound of weeping—and the silent
Mourner stood waiting the sleep of Death.
It came o'er her—like the gentle
Slumberings which marks the sweet
Repose of Innocence—That spirit
Passed, like a bright star of beauty
From the Earth—its resting place—
Was Heaven.

H—

STANZAS.

O! WHEN the imperious shade of Death
Shall veil my heart,
And I be shrouded in the cold earth,
From all that's dear apart,
I ask a sigh from friends so dear—
I ask a tear from kindred near—
Nor cold neglect—nor hatred fear
From foes a smart.

If, o'er my estrade grave,
When I am dead,
Some female hand will wave,
And roscate flow'rets spread;
O! when the sun is waning,
Its ephemeral rest a gaining,
May one be found a straying,
O'er my fond head.

The living die—the dead they go to rest,
In the cold grave;
The young—the old—the worst—the best—
Nor rank—nor merit save.
There's pride of pomp—there's pride of fame—
There's love of worth—and love of gain,
But all is nought save a good name
When in the grave.

"GO, MARK HER CHEEK!"

BY LANTHIS.

Go, mark her cheek!—the rosy hue
Of beauty once was there;
And o'er its bloom no shade had past
Of woe—no trace of care!
The rose that blossom'd there is dead;
Aye, faded on the stem—
Its shrivell'd leaves were bright enough
Till falsehood wither'd them.

Go, mark her eye!—once wanton'd there
Bland passion's spirit-beam—
And hope shot forth in every glance,
Its sunrises o'er life's dream—
The orbs that once shone gloriously
Are fading from their spheres—
And grief hath dimm'd their passion-light
With wrong'd love's wretched tears!

Go, mark her form!—fram'd in the mould
And fashion of those ones,
That float on cherub wings among
Fair waters and bright suns—
Now grace is fled, and nought is left
But shadow-like, and wan,
Cold relics, of a warm heart, crush'd
By the faithlessness of man!

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Hope, adieu!
Faithless charmer, fly my view:
I for substance quitting semblance,
Shadowy hope for sure remembrance,
Siren, then no longer woo:
Hope, adieu!

Memory, hail!
'Tis with thee I fain would dwell:
Dupe of Hope no more I languish,
Smiling hope but lures to anguish:
Thy firm pleasures never fail:
Memory, hail!

MEMORY AND HOPE.

Memory, hence!
Form'd for bliss and innocence:
Me thou tell'st of wasted leisure,
Faithless friends, and faded pleasure,
Would'st with former pain my sense:
Memory, hence!

Hope, be near!
With thy light's my prospect cheer:
Half disclose the scene at distance,
Show me joy, and shade resistance:
Nurse of airy pleasures dear,
Hope, be near!

A MOTHER'S KISS.

Throughout the reign of childhood years,
Its tender woes, its transient tears,
Which mar its smiling bliss;
Oh, what is that so sweetly found
A soothing balm for every wound?
It is—a Mother's Kiss.

A Mother's Kiss!—oh, sweeter far
Than morning's sun, or evening's star,
Or aught the tongue e'er tells;
It gladdens more than morning's light,
Or that endearing ray at night,
And every gloom dispels.

When infancy serenely sleeps,
And watch the guardian mother keeps
Above its tender head;
When peaceful seems each slumbering sense;
It smiles, in dreams of innocence,
Then starts, as if with dread;

A mother's tender kiss impress'd
Can charm to peace the troubled rest
Of one so lov'd, so fair—
Those smiles, on seraph pinions bright,
Upon the lips again will light;
And sweetly frolic here.

And when few months have pass'd away,
And childhood first has learnt to stray
To seek the violet sweet;
A Mother's Kiss, so kind and true,
Is last to bid a fond adieu,
And first at home to greet.

STANZAS.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

Yes—I have loved and honoured thee,
Nor guile, nor fear of guile were mine;
But, oh! since thou canst faithless be,
I'll grieve nor fear a heart like thine!

Lady, when first thy bright black eye
Met and control'd my raptured gaze,
Mine was the fond and pleading sigh
That fervent adoration pays!

Could I have known, what now I know,
Its beams but brightened to betray;
In vain had shown the spurious glow
That led a trusting heart astray.

'Tis not an eye of brightest hue
Can Woman's nobler spell impart,—
Fidelity and Feeling true
Forge the strong fetters of the heart.

And the brief charm hath lost its power—
Indignant Pride shall now rebel;
For, cold and false One! from this hour,
My soul is free.—Farewell—Farewell!

AGENTS FOR THE LITERARY CASKET.

MAINE.	
Calvin Spaulding,	Hallowell.
NEW-HAMPSHIRE.	
Isaac Hill,	Concord.
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Benjamin H. Greene,	Boston.
Samuel Bowles,	Springfield.
Levi Buckley,	Pittsfield.
CONNECTICUT.	
Hezekiah Howe,	New-Haven.
Samuel Greene,	New-London.
Ira E. Smith,	Berlin, (N. Britain Society.)
Norris Wilcox,	Berlin, (Wor.ington Society.)
Milo A. Holcomb,	Tariffville.
Thaddeus Welles,	Glastenbury.
L. T. Pease,	Enfield.
William S. Nichols,	Middletown.

THE LITERARY CASKET.

Devoted to Literature, the Arts and Sciences.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, BY

BENJAMIN H. NORTON AND JOHN RUSSELL,
At No. 3, Central-Row, Hartford.

Terms—Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance;
or \$2.25, half yearly.